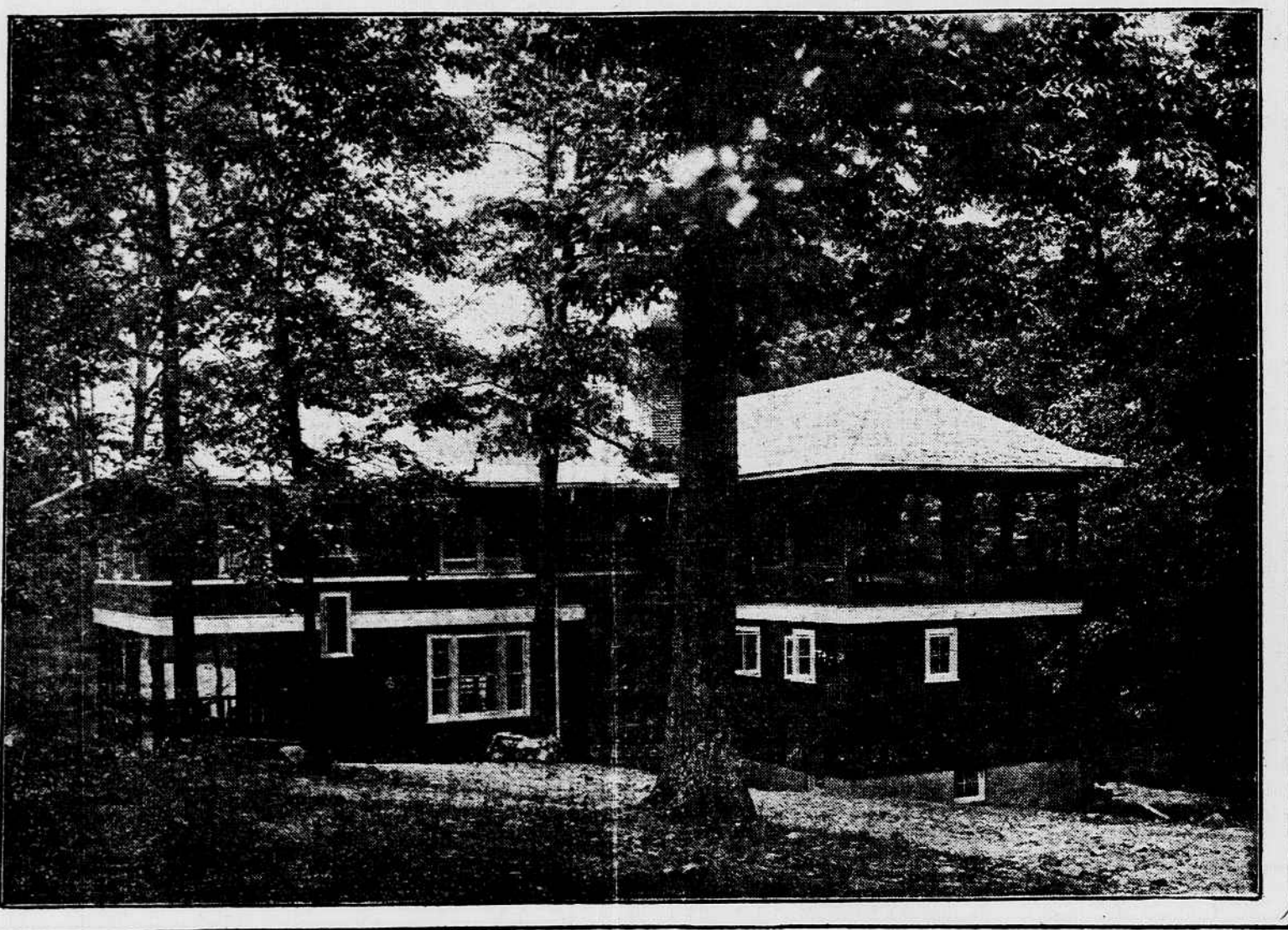


Fun and Frolic in the Summer Camps of Washington



Y. W. C. A. CAMP, VACATION LODGE, CHERRYDALE, VA.



THE BIG LIVING ROOM AT VACATION LODGE.

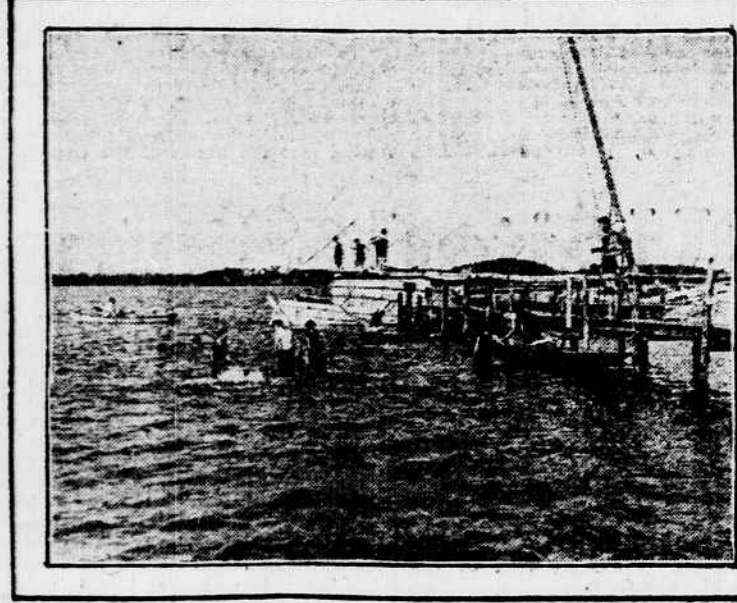
THE Junior branch of the Y. M. C. A. and the Boy Scouts maintain summer camps at which members may have outings with good company, besides all the advantages which the strong organizations behind them are able to give.

The first named boys' camp was opened this summer on June 28, with several hundred boys in attendance on the "old camp ground" on the South river, not far from Edgewater, and a few miles across country from Annapolis. All the old hands were happy with memories of last year's good times, and the new boys were eager with expectation. It was suspected that the old fellows were also expecting to have some fun with those who were new to camp life.

The camp lies on high, well shaded ground, with fields big enough for baseball and sloping gradually until it goes down all of a sudden to the water's edge. Seven sleeping tents, with board floors, and a big cook tent shaded by mighty trees and presided over by a good chef, who loves to cook for boys with slightly stretched canvases for mattresses, made the picture which the adventurers saw from the schooner on their arrival.

With tents to sleep in, tents to eat in, fields for baseball, Chesapeake bay to swim in and sail on, and abundance of food, the story of this camp is told. Only a few details of frolic, good times and little incidents remain in order.

The camp organization was beautiful.



"IN SWIMMIN'" AT EDGEWATER, MD.

fully simple. The seven sleeping tents each contain four double-deck beds, with a mattress and pillow, and a blanket, thus accommodating eight—seven boys, a leader, who is the friend and counselor of the boys in that tent.

As soon as the boys, whose ages averaged about twelve, fifteen years, had been introduced to camp life and had a good square feed, the rest of the day was spent in slaking down the camp and in becoming acquainted with one another. Base ball teams were made up and informal field sports were developed. Many of the boys were old Y. M. C. A. and the training shows in their bodies, lively, graceful and evenly developed.

With seventy boys there are seventy kinds of boy in this camp, and yet all have one trait in common—keen for one another. True, a sleep-head is apt to have water poured down his neck and he ventures to close his eyes, but the camp baby, aged eleven, when tired always finds a friendly knee for his curly head to rest upon, and no boy in real trouble is turned down by any of his seventy neighbors. That is the spirit of the camp.

After the first day a regular program varied to meet camp exigencies was adopted. On rising those who wished the vast majority—ran to the beach for a morning dip and came with bodies all aglow to table for a wholesome breakfast which was always equal to the vast demands.

A brief rest, a little while spent in simple devotional exercises, and then the boys put themselves and their tents in order for inspection. Here was occasion of great rivalry, for this inspection determined largely the points in the contest for the best group. Everything and everybody had to be clean and in order.

Then came the morning swim in the netted pool. The water in front of the camp is shallow, but there are so many sea nettles around that they must be kept out with screens. Springboards, the string pieces of the little pier and the decks of the boat D. R. Jeekins make first-class diving stations, and nearly all the boys can swim. Nevertheless no boy is permitted to enter the water unless a competent leader is at hand in one of the five rowboats in the camp's navy, to rescue any one who might be overcome by cramp or sudden illness.

Of the old boys' keeper of the journal, the old fellows' remarks: "Monday—Ladies visiting camp; to go swimming properly is quite perplexing."

Another entry in the journal was

gloomy, but still more terse: "Aqua meet with Baltimore Y. M. C. A. were beaten in every event." But things evened up a few days later when Washington made a clean sweep of all the field events with the same boys from Baltimore.

On the sandy beach a little above high tide mark are the ashes of the campfire, the center of attraction after dark. Here are told fine tales, and rich adventures are planned. Here some of the camp stunts are pulled off. A note from the journal says: "Cris and quart played on new man." This, being interpreted, means that, blindfolded, Mr. "Newman" tries the initiation stunt of shaking a penny from his forehead into a quart funnel stuck into his belt. He succeeds quite easily, but with the third attempt, an unexpected hand dashes a pitcher of water into the funnel, and with shouts the initiation is now declared to be fully initiated.

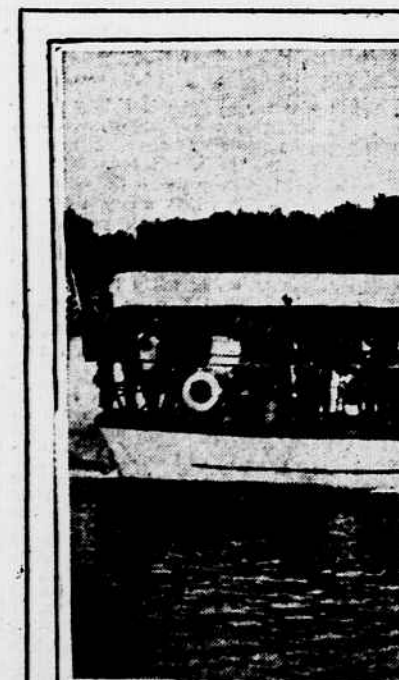
Another lad tells how he was initiated at the campfire, as follows: "We played the game where each fellow had the name of an animal; and at a signal all were to give an imitation of that one's cry. I was a donkey, and had to cry 'hee-haw.' The one who gave the loudest cry was to win a prize. Never mind, I was initiated, and I've 'hee-haw' as loudly as I could, but the joke was that every one else kept quiet till I was really the donkey. The story had been handed down, and I've quipped an ice cream cone the next day just for shouting 'hee-haw' as loudly as I could."

Another night at the campfire the



"IN SWIMMIN'" AT EDGEWATER, MD.

leader told weird tales of the Indians who had once lived in the woods back of the present camp site. They had captured treasure from the English settlers, and being pursued had buried it. A friendly Indian on his death bed had told of the hiding place to a white girl who had befriended him, and the story had been handed down to the present day; but only in the last few hours had it been possible to find some of the old landmarks, and all the boys were asked to join in an instant search for the long-lost treasure. The whole camp piled into the boats, lanterns threw their light over the waters as they made their way across an inlet to a sandy point. Here they found the signs. The old burnt stump and the rock gave the direction, and the boys followed the lead. They waded the little stream, "Shorty" fell over a big log and "Spigot" took the camp baby across on his back.



THE SEA SCOUT, WITH A PARTY OF BOY SCOUTS ON THE WAY TO CAMP ARCHIBALD BUTT.

Local Organizations Have Beautifully Located and Equipped Places for Outings—The Camp of the Junior Branch of the Y. M. C. A. on South River—Seventy Lads Made Happy in the Well Shaded Grounds—The Evening Campfire, the Sleeping Tents and the Kitchen. The Morning Swim in the Netted Pool—Where the Y. W. C. A. Girls Spend Their Vacations. How the Clubhouse at Cherrydale, Va., Was Built—Camp Archibald Butt on Chesapeake Bay, Where the Boy Scouts Spend the Summer, Is Operated on Quite an Elaborate Scale. The Camp in Rock Creek Park, Where Sixteen Baltimore Boys Are Having an Outing.

"Tubby" and "Grumpy" were the first to get on the right sort of influence boys at an impressionable stage.

The camp has been under the personal direction of Mr. De Gast, who has been boy work director of the Junior division of the Y. M. C. A. since last September. He has been assisted by Mr. McMillan, and volunteer leaders at the camp, and by Sydney Leach and Mr. Fuller at the camp and at the city headquarters.

In 1908 Dr. Tabor Johnson invited a party of Y. W. C. A. girls to spend a week end at his home at Cherrydale, Va., and so delighted were they that

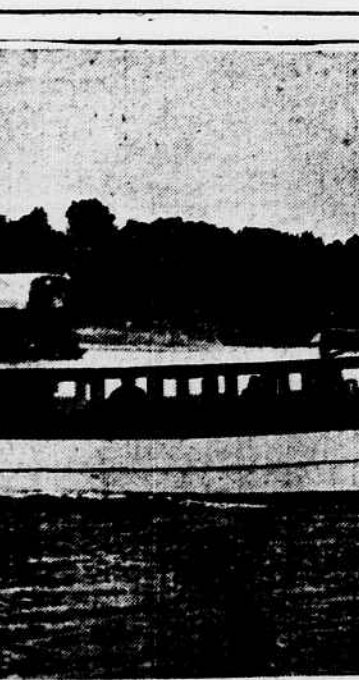


DINNER HOUR AT THE Y. M. C. A. CAMP.

the idea was then born that the association have a country home. Dr. Johnson challenged them to raise the money to build their house by offering them an acre of land. Such a "dare" to that live-wire bunch was accepted promptly, and the girls, with the approval and backing of their board, began operations which they continued so effectively that they have built a \$10,000 clubhouse and paid for it absolutely; another chapter of the association has purchased and donated two acres of adjoining land.

The land is well located, not far from the station, on a hilly but grassy plot of ground, with great shade trees to protect from the sun's glare. The house consists of a living room, with outside porches for resting, eating and sleeping.

The living room, with its hard floors, wainscoted walls, beamed ceiling, great windows and open fireplace is



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not avail themselves of the invitation cordially extended to pitch their tents on these lovely grounds, taking their meals at the clubhouse.

There are no house rules, and all the members may have visitors. Almost every Saturday night there is a house party with some special entertainment.

As most of the girls are in business it is expected that everything will be quiet for the summer by 10 o'clock, but if that sleeping porch is filled with a dozen young women it is a good safe guess that dead silence does not fall promptly at the hour of 10.

One girl was seen toward night carrying in that direction a dead mole. One cannot make a seal skin coat from one dead mole, so it must have been taken there for some good purpose; and if at 10 o'clock it should run across the floor, imagine what would happen, and how strictly the rule would be kept.



DINNER HOUR AT THE Y. M. C. A. CAMP.

Many fine activities have had their inception here. Last fall a party of 125 high school girls had a house gathering which resulted in the organization of the five friendship clubs of high school girls in the city. This spring a May lawn party brought many girls into contact with the association influences.

The club is open to all members of the association for two weeks, and the same privileges are given to young women who are not members. They may stay longer—some stay all summer—as long as there are not members waiting.

So well is this club managed that it seems impossible for the members or guests to receive the cultured entertainment which is given for the relatively low rates which are charged. Nevertheless, the managers declare that if a young man needs the rest she can have it there, even if at the time she cannot see her way to meet the expense. She will be welcome, and can easily and privately make the necessary financial arrangements.

If the girls who finance this business proposition could teach the men to handle affairs in the same manner, they would revolutionize business. They may stay longer—some stay all summer—as long as there are not members waiting.

During the month of June many missionary and church societies hold their annual meetings at this place, affording a rare combination of business and pleasure.

A club of fourteen young girls about



THE SEA SCOUT, WITH A PARTY OF BOY SCOUTS ON THE WAY TO CAMP ARCHIBALD BUTT.

fifteen years of age spends every Wednesday evening at the lodge. They have a regular camp cooking outfit, and prepare their own suppers, but unfortunately, for the purpose of accommodation, are compelled to return to the city the same night.

The Boy Scouts are maintaining Camp Archibald Butt, a few miles below Chesapeake Beach. This is operated on quite an elaborate scale, with tents, a



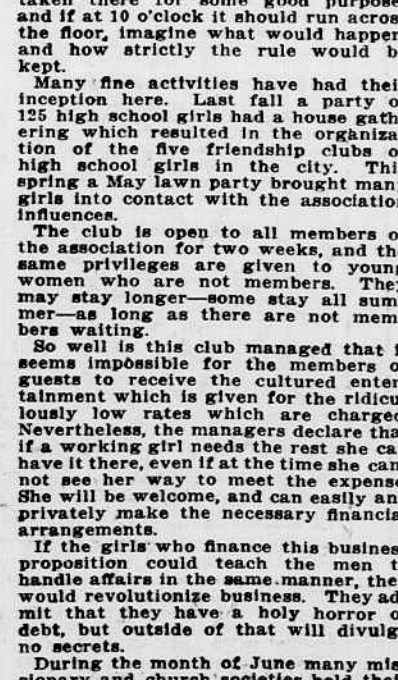
DINNER HOUR AT THE Y. M. C. A. CAMP.

permanent dining room and kitchen, a resident physician, a registered nurse in case of emergencies, instructors in scout duties and teachers of especial subjects for those who wish coaching.

A motor boat large enough to hold sixty boys and requiring a licensed engineer and two assistants; a smaller motor boat and a fleet of rowboats afford ample opportunity for living on the water, while the bay offers its own invitation. Every care is taken to guard against accident in the water and on the shore, and to enforce camp regulations which make for health.

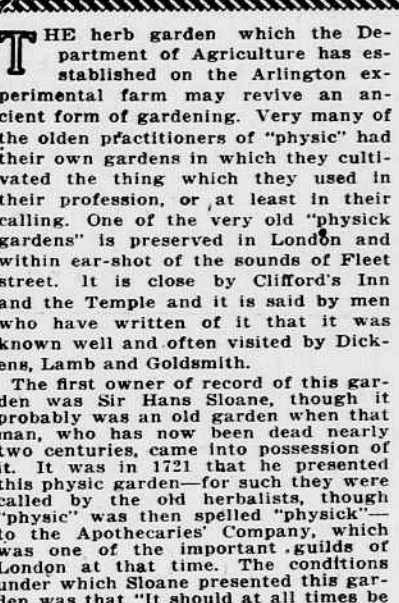
Plenty of wholesome food and constant occupation keep contented the seventy boys who are enjoying themselves at this well known camp.

There is another class of Boy Scout camps, one of which may be seen at Rock Creek Park, less expensive, but not so extensive. A body composed of sixteen scouts, led by a Scoutmaster, and a few assistants, and hiked all the way to Washington, drawing with them a trek-cart and camping by the wayside where nightfall found them. They pitched their camp in the park Saturday morning. They do their own work and cooking, have lots of camp fun and are seeing Washington. In



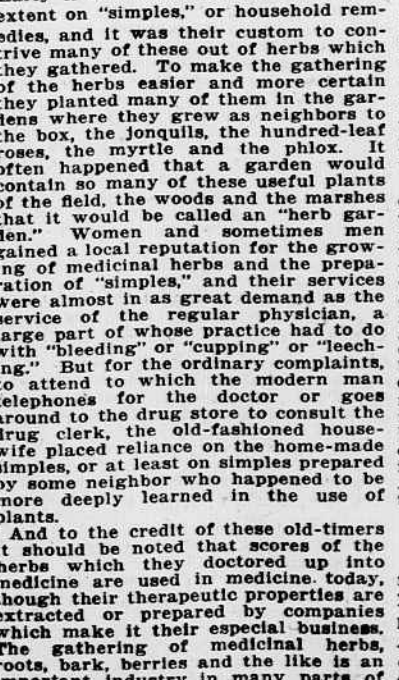
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west road leading through Bladensburg. It was owned and tended by an old colored woman whose name was Lucy Ross. She was known to most persons for miles around as "Aunt Lucy." She died, despite the life-giving and life-preserving properties of the herbs she so carefully tended. She grew in that garden foxglove or fairy thimbles, and of this plant she made a decoction for shortness of the breath, coughs and colds, and for affections of the throat she invited her ailing friends to inhale the smoke of the dried leaves. She grew Indian tobacco or jagweed to give to those friends who sorely needed a strong physic and she had a bed of tansy out of which she used to make what she called "tea tonic" and with the dose of which she was very careful because a little bit too much of it was poison.



DINNER HOUR AT THE Y. M. C. A. CAMP.

Instead of going out along the roadside or waste places for burdock, she cultivated numerous plants of this coarse member of the aster family, and of the leaves she made poultices for swellings and of the roots and seeds she made "blood medicine." Though broad dock or water dock is a common plant, she cultivated it because it was good, and probably still is good for the purification of the blood, and because of its usefulness in bladder and kidney troubles, and along one side of her fenced-in lot were poke bushes, the red berries of which everybody is

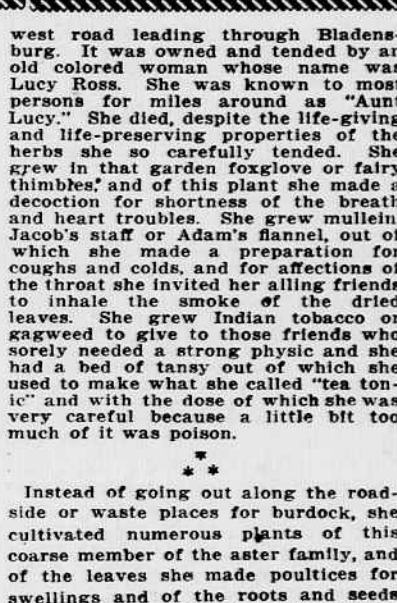


THE SEA SCOUT, WITH A PARTY OF BOY SCOUTS ON THE WAY TO CAMP ARCHIBALD BUTT.

THE herb garden which the Department of Agriculture has established on the Arlington experimental farm may revive an ancient form of gardening. Very many of the olden practitioners of "physic" had their own gardens in which they cultivated the things which they used in their profession, or at least in their calling. One of the very old "physick gardens" is preserved in London and within ear-shot of the sounds of Fleet street. It is close by Clifford's Inn and the Temple and it is said by many who have written of it that it was known well and often visited by Dickens, Lamb and Goldsmith.

The first owner of record of this garden was Sir Hans Sloane, though it probably was an old garden when that man, who has now been dead nearly two centuries, came into possession of it. It was in 1721 that he presented this physic garden to the Apothecaries Company, which was one of the important guilds of London at that time. The conditions under which Sloane presented the garden was that "it should at all times be continued as a physic garden, for the benefit of the poor, and useful plants from the herb garden."

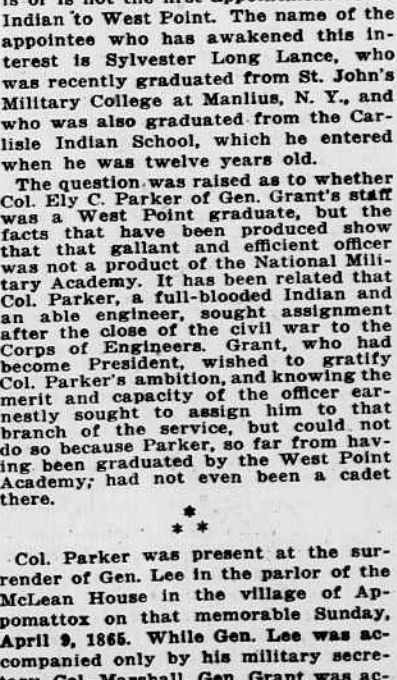
Two hundred years ago these herb gardens were no uncommon thing in the city of London, and the environs, but this garden of Hans Sloane is the only one that has been permitted to endure. It is now known as the Apothecaries' Garden, and being the oldest botanical garden in London is visited by a good many strangers and is of interest to many Londoners. In London is an association of men and women called the Society of the Garden, which unites London people to place of especial interest and beauty in and around London.



DINNER HOUR AT THE Y. M. C. A. CAMP.

The interest which many very old-fashioned people in the United States take in medicinal herbs is well known. Early Americans depended to a great extent on "simples," or household remedies, and it was their custom to contrive many of these out of herbs which they gathered. To make the gathering of the herbs easier and more certain they planted many of them in the gardens where they grew as neighbors to the herbs which they gathered. It often happened that a garden would contain many of the herbs which were used in the practice of the doctor or "leeching." But for the ordinary complaints, to attend to which the modern man extracts or prepares by companies the ingredients for his special business. The gathering of medicinal herbs, roots, bark, berries and the like is an important industry in many parts of the United States, the drug and chemical manufacturers being the buyers.

A few years ago there was a small "herb garden" on the main east-end



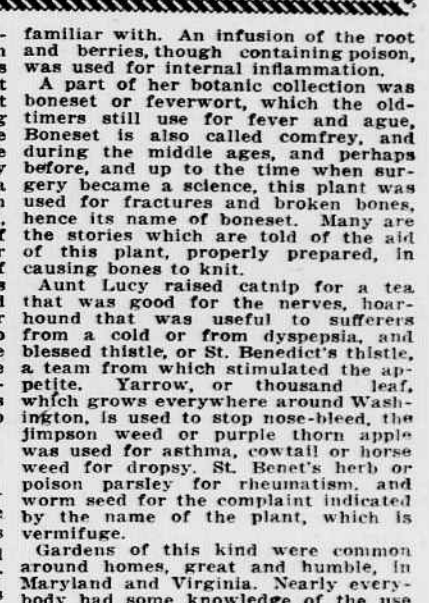
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about three weeks they will march home again. A trip of this kind is only possible where there is available a competent scoutmaster to give his time to the boys.

A motor boat large enough to hold sixty boys and requiring a licensed engineer and two assistants; a smaller motor boat and a fleet of rowboats afford ample opportunity for living on the water, while the bay offers its own invitation. Every care is taken to guard against accident in the water and on the shore, and to enforce camp regulations which make for health.

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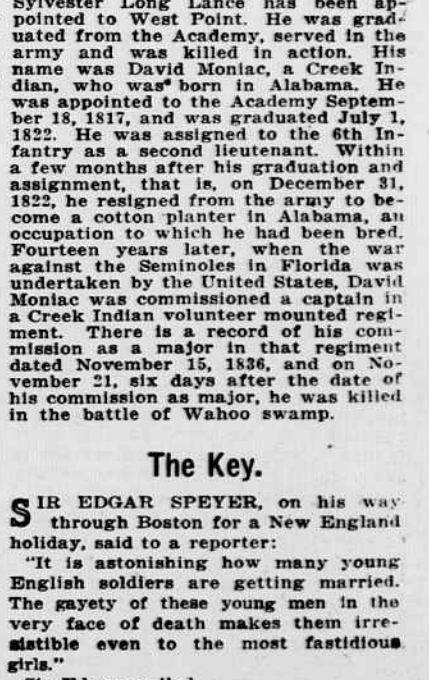


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What camp life means to the boys cannot be understood by any one who has forgotten his own boyhood. The boys are at an age where they are little understood, shy, awkward, untutored, responsive to affection, are hero worshippers and dreamers.

It is a time when they need the association of clean fellows and every-thing is a time when they need the influence of strong men. It is good for them, too, sometimes to be away from their mothers; those shy lads, awkward during the middle ages, and perhaps what separation means and come back to be a little closer.

There is only one serious objection about this list of camps—there is none organized for young girls.



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HERB REMEDIES OF THE PIONEERS

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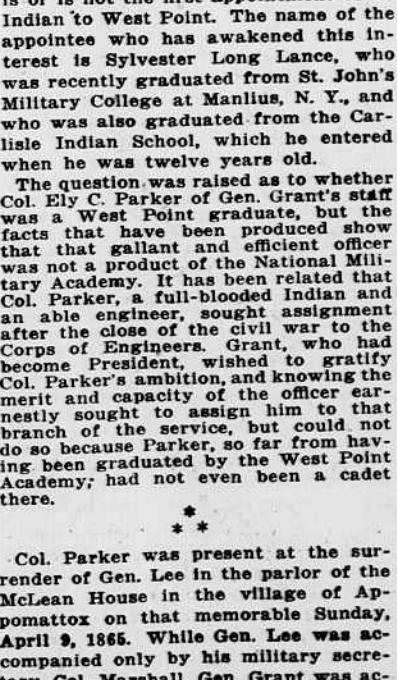
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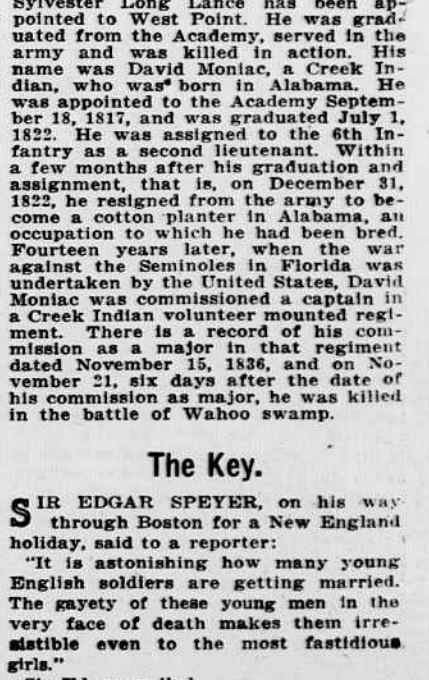
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INDIANS AT WEST POINT

THE appointment to the West Point Military Academy of a full-blooded Cherokee Indian by President Wilson as one of the six presidential appointments has caused a search of the records to determine whether this is or is not the first appointment of an Indian to West Point. The name of the Indian to West Point, Lance, who was recently graduated from St. John's Military College at Manlius, N. Y., and who was also graduated from the Carlisle Indian School, which he entered when he was twelve years old.

The question was raised as to whether Col. Ely C. Parker of Gen. Grant's staff was a West Point graduate, but the facts that have been produced show that that gallant and efficient officer was not a product of the National Military Academy. It has been related that Col. Parker, a full-blooded Indian and an able engineer, sought assignment after the close of the civil war to the Corps of Engineers. Grant, who had become President, wished to gratify Col. Parker's ambition, and knowing the merit and capacity of the officer, early sought to assign him to that branch of the service, but could not do so because Parker, so far from having been graduated by the West Point Academy, had not even been a cadet there.

A. Rawlins, Gen. Seth Williams, Gen. John G. Barnard, Gen. Merritt, Gen. Custer, Col. Horace Porter, Col. Orville B. Eastwood, Col. Ely C. Parker, Col. Theodore Bown, Col. Frederick C. Dent and Col. Adam Badeau.

Search of the records has revealed that at least one other Indian besides Sylvester Long Lance has been appointed to West Point. He was graduated from the Academy, served in the army and was killed in action. His name was David Moniac, a Creek Indian, who was born in Alabama, and was appointed to the Academy September 18, 1817, and was graduated July 1, 1822. He was assigned as a captain in the 1st Infantry as a second lieutenant. Within a few months after his graduation and assignment, that is, on December 31, 1822, he resigned from the army to become a cotton planter in Alabama, an occupation to which he had been bred. Fourteen years later, when the war against the Seminoles in Florida was undertaken by the United States, David Moniac was commissioned a captain in a Creek Indian volunteer mounted regiment. There is a record of his commission as a major in that regiment dated November 15, 1836, and on November 21, six days after the date of his commission, he was killed in the battle of Wahoo swamp.

The Key.

SIR EDGAR SPEYER, on his way through Boston for a New England holiday, said to a reporter: "It is astonishing how many young English soldiers are getting married. The gayety of these young men in the very face of death makes them irresistible even to the most fastidious girls."

Sir Edgar smiled.

"The key to the heart of woman," he said, "has at last been found. It is khaki."